

*645 d. 11*  
*841. c. 23*  
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P E L L E U S

AND

T H E T I S.

A M A S Q U E,

BY THE

Late Lord LANSDOWN.

*Granville (George)*

Set to MUSIC

By Mr. B O R C E.

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L O N D O N :

Printed in the Year MDCCXLIX.

## The ARGUMENT.

**P**ELEUS in Love with Thetis, by the Assistance of Proteus, obtains her Favour; but Jupiter interposing, Peleus, in Despair, consults Prometheus, famous for his Skill in Astrology; upon whose Prophecy, that the Son born of Thetis should prove greater than his Father, Jupiter desists. The Prophecy was afterwards verif'd in the Birth of Achilles, the Son of Peleus.

### PERSONS in the MASQUE.

Jupiter,	}}}	Prometheus,
Peleus,		Thetis.



Prometheus *appears upon Mount Caucasus chain'd  
to a Rock, with the Vulture at his Breast.* Peleus  
*enters, addressing himself to Prometheus.*

# PELEUS.

## RECITATIVE.

CONDEMN'D on *Caucasus* to lie,  
Still to be dying, not to die;  
With certain Pain, uncertain of Relief,  
True Emblem of a wretched Lover's Grief!  
To whose inspecting Eye 'tis given  
To view the Planetary Way,  
To penetrate eternal Day.  
And to revolve the Starry Heaven.  
To thee, *Prometheus*, I complain,  
And bring a Heart as full of Pain.  
*Prom.* From *Jupiter* spring all our Woes,  
*Thetis* is *Jove's*, who once was thine :  
'Tis vain, O *Peleus*, to oppose  
Thy Torturer, and mine.  
Contented with Despair,  
O wretched Man ! resign  
Whom you adore, or else prepare  
For Change of Torments great as mine.  
'Tis vain, O *Peleus*, to oppose  
Thy Torturer and mine.  
*Pel.* In Change of Torment would be Ease ;  
Could you divine what Lovers bear,



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Even you, *Prometheus*, wou'd confess  
There is no Vulture like Despair.  
*Prom.* Cease, cruel Vulture, to devour.  
*Pel.* Cease, cruel *Thetis*, to disdain.

**T H E T I S** *enters.*

*Thet.* *Peleus*, unjustly you complain.  
The Gods, alas! no Refuge find  
From Ills resistless Fates ordain :  
I still am true——and would be kind.

**A I R.**

*Pel.* *To love and to languish,*  
*To sigh and complain,*  
*How killing's the Anguish!*  
*How tormenting the Pain!*  
*Suing,*  
*Pursuing,*  
*Flying,*  
*Denying,*  
*O the Curse of Disdain,*  
*How tormenting's the Pain!*

*Da Capo.*

**RECITATIVE.**

*Thet.* Accursed Jealousy!  
Thou Jaundice in the Lover's Eye,  
Thro' which all Objects false we see;  
Accursed Jealousy!  
Thy Rival, *Peleus*, rules the Sky,  
Yet I so prize thy Love,  
With *Peleus* I wou'd chuse to die,  
Rather than reign with *Jove*.

**JUPITER**

JUPITER *appears descending.*

A I R.

*But see, the mighty Thunderer's here ;  
Tremble, Peleus, tremble, fly ;  
The Thunderer ! the mighty Thunderer !  
Tremble, Peleus, tremble, fly.*

A full Chorus of all the Voices and Instruments  
while *Jupiter* is descending.

C H O R U S.

*But see, the mighty Thunderer's here ;  
Tremble, Peleus, tremble, fly ;  
The Thunderer ! the mighty Thunderer !  
Tremble, Peleus, tremble, fly.*

JUPITER *being descended.*

R E C I T A T I V E.

*Jup.* Presumptuous Slave, Rival to *Jove*,  
How dar'st thou, Mortal, thus defy  
A Goddess with audacious Love,  
And irritate a God with Jealousy ?  
Presumptuous Mortal—hence—  
Tremble at Omnipotence.

A I R.

*Pel.* Arm'd with Love, and *Thetis* by,  
I fear no Odds  
Of Men or Gods,  
But *Jove* himself defy.  
*Jove*, lay thy Thunder down,  
Arm'd with Love, and *Thetis* by,  
There is more Terror in her Frown ;  
And fiercer Lightning in her Eye.

[Da Capo.

R E C I.

## RECITATIVE.

*Jup.* Bring me Lightning, give me Thunder,  
 Haste, ye Cyclops, with your forked Rods,  
 This Rebel, *Love*, braves all the Gods,  
 And ev'ry Hour by Love is made  
 Some Heaven-defying Encelade.  
 Bring me Lightning, give me Thunder.  
*T. & P.* *Jove* may kill, but ne'er shall funder.  
*Jup.* Bring me Lightning, give me Thunder.  
*P. & T.* *Jove* may kill, but ne'er shall funder.

## A I R.

*Thet.* *Thy Love, still arm'd with Fate,*  
*Is dreadful as thy Hate :*  
*O might it prove to me,*  
*So gentle Peleus were but free ;*  
*O might it prove to me.*  
*As fatal as to lost consuming Semele !*  
*Thy Love, still arm'd with Fate,*  
*Is dreadful as thy Hate.*

## RECITATIVE.

*Prom.* Son of Saturn, take Advice  
 From one whom thy severe Decree  
 Has furnish'd Leisure to grow wise :  
 Thou rul'st the Gods, but Fate rules thee.

## A I R.

*Whoe'er th'immortal Maid compressing,*  
*Shall taste the Joy, and reap the Blessing,*  
*Thus th'unerring Stars advise ;*  
*From that auspicious Night an Heir shall rise*  
*Paternal Glories to outskine,*  
*And be the greatest of his Line.*

RECI-



## RECITATIVE.

*Jup.* Shall then the Son of *Saturn* be undone,  
 Like *Saturn* by an impious Son ?  
 Justly th' impartial Fates conspire,  
 Dooming that Son to be the Sire  
 Of such another Son.  
 Conscious of Ills that I have done.  
 My Fears to Prudence shall advise,  
 And Guilt, that made me great, shall make me  
 wise.

A I R.

*The fatal Blessing I resign ;* [Giving her to *Peleus*.  
*Peleus, take the Maid divine :*  
*Jove consenting, she is thine :*  
*The fatal Blessing I resign.*

## RECITATIVE.

*Pel.* Heav'n had been lost, had I been *Jove* ;  
 There is no Heaven like mutual Love.

A I R.

*J. to Pr.* And thou, the Stars Interpreter,  
 'Tis just I set thee free,  
 Who giv'st me Liberty ;  
 Arise, and be thy self a Star,  
 'Tis just I set thee free,  
 Who giv'st me Liberty.

[The Vulture drops dead at the Feet of *Pro-  
 motheus* ; his Chains fall off, and he is  
 borne up to Heaven with *Jupiter*, to a  
 loud Flourish of all the Musick.

A I R.

*Pel.* Fly, fly to my Arms, to my Arms,  
 Goddess of immortal Charms !

To

*To my Arms, to my Arms, fly, fly,  
Goddess of transporting Joy!*

*But to gaze  
On thy Face,  
Thy gentle Hand thus pressing,  
Is heav'nly, heav'nly Blessing,  
O my Soul,  
Whither, whither art thou flying,  
Lost in sweet tumultuous Dying;  
Whither, whither art thou flying,  
O my Soul!*

# RECITATIVE.

*The. You tremble, Peleus—So do I—  
Ah stay! and we'll together die,  
Immortal, and of Race divine,  
My Soul shall take her Flight with thine:  
Life dissolving in Delight,  
Heaving Breasts and swimming Sight,  
Falt'ring Speech, and gasping Breath,  
Symptoms of delicious Death;  
Life dissolving in Delight,  
My Soul is ready for the Flight.*

# D U E T.

*P. and T. O my Soul!  
Whither, whither art thou flying?  
Lost in sweet tumultuous Dying;  
Whither, whither art thou flying,  
O my Soul!*

# C H O R U S.

*When the Storm is blown over,  
How blest is the Swain,  
Who begins to discover  
An End of his Pain!*

# F I N I S.